

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

ALT NUREMBURG

BY ELLIS BROWNE.
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PROF. FELDMAN brought his chumy car to a standstill before the door of the inn. Alt Nuremburg, with concrete towers and spiked iron-bonded gates, announced hospitably on a board outside that it served food and soft drinks. Another placard pictured an amber brown mug covered with a generous froth that appealed more strongly to his dusty palate and, descending with haste, he was soon inside the garden waiting to be served at a little white-clothed iron table near a vine-covered wall.

It was four o'clock and in the distant kitchen could be heard heterogeneous sounds of busy preparation for the evening, tinkling of glass, clashing of trays and the scraping of heavy kettles. In an occasional lull, a deep, steady roar told of the proximity of the ocean, and the professor waited impatiently, as he wished to finish his journey and have a cooling dip in the surf before time to dress for dinner.

The thought of dinner and evening brought a flush of happiness, for he had kept his car seaward for four hundred miles because Betty Pershing was at Ocean Point with her family. And an invitation from Mrs. Pershing one day when summer outings were being discussed was not to be overlooked.

You must come to Ocean Point when we are there, professor, she had insisted. The golf course there is perfect and the sailing is fine. Yes, indeed, Feldman, agreed Tom Pershing, heartily, slapping the other jovially on the back. I can beat you all hollow there if you did trim me today. Better run down.

And I've got a new launch, put in Jack Pershing, eagerly. We can have a bully time, professor. I'll take you crabbing, too.

Thank you all! he had smiled appreciatively. You certainly offer inducements. And you, Miss Betty? Have I your approval?

Certainly, professor. I was just wondering how we could get along through the summer without you! Betty answered, brightly.

The die is cast. I go, he announced gratefully. What have I done to be so fortunate? I assure you I shall do my best to be useful. I shall stock up on fresh new jokes for rainy days, and make proteges of all the old ladies and—she stopped. He had caught Betty's eye and here dropped in pretty confusion, for his eyes were saying only too plainly that she was the cause of his gratitude. Her father's friend had never told her that he loved her, but she had guessed it.

So the Pershings had gone and he professor had followed, and now the sea roaring in his ears made him realize that Betty was less than a mile away and that he could see her in three, two—perhaps one hour.

Two men came in, sat down and rapped sharply on their table. A waiter appeared, summoned another and took the orders. The professor changed his mind and ordered orangeade. After all Alt Nuremburg wasn't Heidelberg and he was no longer a German student. Those were good old days, thought. That was where he had met Tom Pershing twenty years ago. Now he was nearly forty. Heidelberg! How far away—how long ago it seemed! And pretty little Elsa, flaxen haired and demure! That had been quite an affair. When he came to America he told her he would make his fortune and return when he was rich.

A shadow crossed his face. That had bothered him for years until he had heard that she was married. But he had never verified the rumor.

He finished his sandwich and got up to go. More people had come in

PLAIDS AND NAVY BLUE ARE MODISH COLORS FOR SCHOOL GIRLS



(By BETTY BROWN.)

The school girl must have her plaids whether they are in or out of fashion.

Without a plaid frock of serge or gingham her wardrobe is bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

In cotton voile, gingham and cotton suiting all the Scotch clans are represented in the shops this fall, and for days when Jack Frost nips noses there are serge and wool fabrics in gay checks.

A frock that caught my eye at an exhibit of school girl togger in New York is this one in light-weight suiting in blue or green with a striking

and a little orchestra had come from somewhere and started to play. The tune was familiar, an old German melody he had known well in the old days. Memories came crowding back, things he had forgotten long ago—the little old cottage in a village street, the care-free school-boy, the matter with the birch rod; then college days, rollicking days of love and duels and Elsa. He sat down. Elsa again!

The curtain at the rear of the little stage parted and four singers came out, dressed in native costume and picked up the air of the players. The professor started to his feet, for the flaxen-haired soprano in her velvet robes was none other than the girl he had been thinking about—Elsa!

He sat staring, confused, his thoughts a chaos. Had the heat, the long ride and the music fuddled his brain? Was this woman real or a creature of his imagination? She kept her eyes on the sky, the ever-changing clouds above the sea, and she did not see him. The song ended and the singers sat down listlessly.

The professor made his way to the platform and Elsa lowered her eyes from the top of the wall. Emmet! Du Emmet! she cried.

Yes, Elsa. It's Emmet! Can you come down?

Yes, she answered, giving him her hand and jumping to the ground. Twenty years had made little change. She looked older of course, but she was still little Elsa to him.

Come over here. She indicated a table half hidden by shrubs in an angle of the wall. We can talk better by ourselves.

They sat down and he scanned her face closely. How are you, Elsa?

All right! And you—

The same. It's odd to find you here. How 'oig havo yja been in America?

knows it is the beginning of the end, and it is a strong-minded woman who will not allow herself a little tiny fling then.

"I wish I could be with you, Margie, then, to help you over the hard places."

Dear Aunt Mary! You, little book, know how I have missed her all these years. Mrs. Selwin is sweet and kind, but there is a certain emotional aloofness about her that makes me almost afraid to tell her all my silly little heartaches. But Aunt Mary always understood.

Will I, little book, be happy or unhappy at 35? Just now I am neither. I am indifferent to everything that makes for physical change.

line of yellow silk occasionally crisscrossing it.

It's so simple the mother-dress-maker need not hesitate to copy it. The full gathered blouse is in one with the skirts. The bishop sleeves are navy blue voile with plaid and blue cuffs. The organdy collar has a band of blue.

An ideal school frock with heaps of style is the model at the right. The inevitable navy serge is used, but the Dutch bodice buttoned at the side with smoke color pearl button and the rakish shoulder straps give it a quaint charm of its own.

The gowns is lawn, of course, and the sleeves comfortable for the girl who sits at a desk.

—teen year.

Heaven! And I not to know it. Where have you been?

In New York most of the time.

What—heavily—what did you come for? He dreaded her answer.

She laughed. I had to. My husband came.

So you are married! With relief. Sure I am. Fritz and I are doing fine. We have a cafe in Jersey City and come here in summer. This is a good money-maker. We have five strong boys who will soon be old enough to earn something, too. This place pays well. Come in some night after seven and see what crowds we have. But tell me about yourself. You're a fine-looking man, Emmet. No one would think you were a day over thirty. Are you married, and are you making plenty of money?

She leaned over the table and scanned him closely for earmarks of prosperity. There was no diamond in his tie and none on his hand. She shook her head. You must do better and get rich. Come and talk to my Fritz. Maybe he can put you in the way of something!

Elsa, with her dreamy blue eyes and cheeks of roses and cream, had no soul about the silver quarters that fell into Fritz's money box! He understood now why he had not gone back to her. He thought of sensitive high-strung Betty, her dark understanding eyes and her quick sympathetic smile. He got up and held out his hand.

No, thank you, Elsa! There are other things beside money, but I will come and see you again. I'm not married yet, but wish me luck, Elsa. I'm going to ask her tonight.

She nodded. That's good, Emmet. I do wish you luck. But hurry up and get rich. America is a great country, as he shook her hand warmly and hurried away.

And they say Americans are mercenary, he exclaimed as he started the engine. Betty, dear, be kind!

Presbyterian C. E. Plan Corn Roast

An enjoyable open air meeting was held Sunday evening by the Christian Endeavor society of the First Presbyterian church on the unfinished structure of the church on Jackson and Jefferson street. Quite a crowd gathered near the structure to listen to the songs and addresses as given by members of the C. E. society. The society is planning for a corn roast to be held on Friday evening of this week in the orchard near the residence of Mayor Anthony Bowen.

Our Sowed-Off Sermon. It is some satisfaction to know that people can't draw a sight draft on us for a debt of gratitude.

HEALTH HINTS

Few people realize how dangerous the form of tuberculosis found in cows is to human beings.

The late Prof. Koch told the International Congress on Tuberculosis in London in 1901, that tuberculosis as found in the cow was harmless to man.

Nearly all scientists present, including Koch's own co-workers, thought the statement could be verified and it was promptly challenged, but as it had come from the lips of the highest recognized authority on tuberculosis—in fact, the discoverer of the germ of tuberculosis—it demanded a more rigid investigation than had been made in the past.

International commissions were appointed to do this research work and report to the congress. The investigations were extensive, covering thousands of cases in the various countries.

The most convincing reports presented were those by Prof. Theobald Smith, of Harvard, and Dr. W. H. Parks, director of the public health laboratories in New York City.

The conclusions were that from 25 to 35 per cent. of all cases of tuberculosis in persons under 15 years of age were bovine in type or in other words, the same form of tuberculosis that is found in the cow and the tubercle germ was transmitted to children through milk or milk products.

The findings of the British Royal commission and the German commission were identical with those in this country and have since been abundantly confirmed.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Q. M.: "I have been advised by a phrenologist that my natural bent lies in a certain direction, and that I should give up my present occupation to follow the other. Would you advise me to do so?"

Medical men do not recognize the "science" of phrenology. The only possible good such advice might do is in increasing your confidence that you have at last "found your work." Your question indicates that you lack that confidence. Ignore the advice.

BERNHARDT STARTS U. S. TOUR IN MONTH



SARAH BERNHARDT.

Sarah Bernhardt, reported in better health than on her last American tour in 1913, is scheduled to arrive early in October for a tour of the United States. She will be supported by Max Uncian and a cast of young actors.

To Identify Your Trunks.

I have proved the value in peace of mind and convenience of the following ideas: I mark my bag or trunks with a marker of red, be it a bit of ribbon or a cord tacked on, so that in identifying my baggage among dozens of others I can instantly point out the baggage man "that one with the red marker."—New York Evening Sun.

Notaries Public.

Notaries public are said to have been appointed by the primitive Christians to collect such facts as were obtainable about the martyrs of the first century. The office afterward took a legal form and had to do with the attesting of deeds and other writings.

NOT CONNECTED WITH WOMAN'S PARTY

West Virginia Suffragists Are Looking to Support From All Parties

At the state headquarters of the West Virginia Equal Suffrage Association in this city, Mrs. Ellis A. Yost, chairman of the state campaign committee, announced that the West Virginia organization had no connection whatever with the Woman's party, which recently concluded a convention in Colorado Springs, Col., and which endorsed a presidential candidate of one of the great parties. The National Woman Suffrage Association, of which the West Virginia organization is a part, is strictly neutral as regards political parties.

Continuing, Mrs. Yost said: "Our organization, which is waging the battle for the adoption of the amendment to our state constitution, is composed of members of all parties. Equal suffrage has received the endorsement of every party, both to their state and national platforms. We are receiving the support of members of all parties, and, even if it were not contrary to the policy of our organization it would be sheer folly to break the political neutrality rule of half a century. We have appealed to all parties for support and are receiving it in generous measure."

AN APT ANSWER

A bright Suffragist was asked the other day by an Anti what the women voters of America would do if an invading foreign army should land in New York.

She answered: "If a foreign army of men should land here they would do their duty as they always have in every war recorded in history; but if an invading army of foreign men and women should land on our shores we would join our men in their march to repel them, and what we would do to them would be a-plant!"

To Stop Leak.

A leak in a gas or water pipe frequently causes no end of damages before the plumber can be called. Still it can be stopped temporarily with a filling mixture made of yellow kitchen soap and whiting, mixed in a thick paste.

TESTIMONY OF WEST VA. FOLKS SPEAKS VOLUMES.

Hinton, W. Va. — "Some time ago I was dragged out, run down and nervous. I kept about but was hardly able to do my work. I had to have some medicine to build me up and 'Golden Medical Discovery' proved just the medicine. I got much benefit and was well satisfied with it."—Mrs. SARAH WHEELER, Hinton, W. Va.

An imitation of nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impurification of the blood and nerve force is when you take an alternative extract of herbs and roots made with pure glycerine, without the use of alcohol, like Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This vegetable medicine coaxes the digestive functions and helps in the assimilation of food, or rather takes from the food just the nutriment the blood requires.

Pure blood is essential to good health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery not only cleanses the blood of impurities, but it increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and enriches the body with an abundant supply of pure, rich blood. It thus cures scrofula, eczema, erysipelas, boils, pimples and other eruptions that mar and scar the skin.

Doctor Pierce's 1000-page illustrated book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," in cloth covers, is sent free on receipt of 3 dimes (or stamps) to pay cost of mailing only. Treats of Physiology, Sex Problems, Hygiene, Disease. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original Little Liver Pills. These tiny, sugar coated, anti-bilious granules—the smallest and the easiest to take. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are relieved and prevented.

The Lazy Man. "A lazy man," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty liable to pretend he's puttin' his faith in Providence when he's only trustin' to luck."

Sometimes Bitter Way to Learn. "After a man learns by experience," said Uncle Eben, "he generally wishes he'd got his knowledge by takin' somebody's word for it."

WRIGLEY'S



Friends!

Wrigley's is a constant friend to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

The refreshment and comfort of this toothsome, long-lasting confection is within the reach of everybody.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I am really walking, little book. Yesterday with the aid of a stout cane and dear Alice's arm, I walked from my bed to my wheel-chair, at least a dozen steps! I was so happy about it that I cried.

Yesterday Alice went shopping for me. I am so tired of the negligees that have been my only wear last year.

"Alice," I said, "get me the plainest white tailored shirtwaist you can find and a dark blue serge skirt. I want white low sports shoes, dark blue stockings and a blue tie."

Alice looked at me a moment and laughed.

"Dear Margie," she said, "To think of you in plain sports clothes! You whom I have never seen except in these frilly fol-de-rols," and she held up one of my favorite green chiffon negligees. "Why, Margie, you will look like a college girl tennis player."

"Hardly, dear Alice. Do you know I have been married 10 years? I am getting along; soon I'll be 35 years old. Aunt Mary used to say if she could go back to the time when she thought she was at her best, physically and mentally, she would ask to drop back to 35."

"Margie," she said, "from 35 to 40 are the great years of a woman's life. Then she is at the zenith of her beauty. She still has youth in that she sees no diminution of her purely physical powers to attract men and women. If experience has taught her anything, it is discrimination. She can pick the best because she knows the best."

"Balzac has called 30 the dangerous age in woman, but that great ecologist means dangerous to men. Ellen Key puts the danger at between 45 and 50, but she, staunch feminist that she is, looks for danger only to the woman herself. I should say from 35 to 45 a woman is most dangerous to herself and to the men with whom she comes in social contact."

"It is the height of her blooming; man sees only her perfection, but she

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WONDER IF TOM GOT THE IDEA?)—BY ALLMAN

